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My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
—Much Ado About Nothing.



MINIATURES, boxes, and fans mostly of the last century, were the feature of the Union League Club's special exhibition in March. Although three of the best collections of miniatures and boxes in the city were not represented, a charming array of choice objects was brought together; and it was comprehensive in its scope. Mr. Brayton Ives, for instance, sent only five boxes, but each was an admirable example of the jeweler's and goldsmith's art and representative of its class; including a fine specimen of white Battersea enamel and a gold snuff-box covered on every side with miniature paintings, under crystal, not unworthy of Blarenburgh. The catalogue assigns this latter object to the seventeenth century, but the costumes of the scores of delightful little figures depicted point to a century later.

MR. MARQUAND sent three boxes, including one, with flawless white enamel ground, exquisitely painted in Dresden style, and a small circular gold bonbonnière, with wonderful panels after Boucher. Mr. James A. Garland had a showcase to himself, containing no less than thirty-six bonbonnières, snuff and patch-boxes—the fullest display of such objects, as the exhibit of Mr. E. J. Berwind was the most important of miniatures; he sent also notably good boxes. Mr. Berwind showed the portrait of a lady by Cosway and one by Nixon, various enamels on copper—one by Zincke on a snuff-box—and a curious enamel on iron by Bone, of "General Manners, after the original by Müller"—almost too large to be ranked among miniatures. Mr. Charles Watrous lent a very interesting portrait by Tagliolini of the Empress Josephine, contemporaneous, I understand. Mr. S. P. Avery added greatly to the historical as well as to the artistic interest of the exhibition by, among other objects, his contribution of early Limoges enamels; he also sent a marvellous example of modern French enamel—a bouquet of flowers by Diaz on a surface hardly larger than a silver quarter. Other contributors were Messrs. Robert Hoe, Charles Stewart Smith, Percy Moran and J. Durand Ruel, and Mrs. William Draper, Mrs. H. W. Everett and Miss Furniss. Most of the beautiful collection of fans, lent by Miss Furniss, have been noticed before at previous exhibitions.

THE paintings shown at the Union League Club on this occasion are worth much more notice than can be made at the present writing. Among the American pictures what specially impressed me was the great advance shown by two of our cleverest young painters—Mr. Leonard Ochtman, in his "Moonlight Shadows," suggestive though it be of recent study of Cazin, and Mr. R. W. Van Boskerck, in "The Last Gleam," an admirable opalescent sunset effect over a stretch of downs, with browsing sheep, and a view of the sea beyond. I must welcome the advent, too, of a new American painter—Mr. Theodore Grust—a Munich student—whose interior scene, "Reading the Letter," shows remarkable feeling for atmosphere, sound drawing and clear technic. Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, who sent this picture to the exhibition, contributed also a notable group of canvases signed respectively by Troyon, Dupré, Corot and Cazin.

SINCE the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund Art Loan Exhibition, six years ago, one cannot mention miniatures without calling to mind that wonderful collection of portraits by Cosway, Hone, Smart and Nixon, brought over for the occasion by Mr. Edward Joseph, together with a lot of charming old snuff-boxes and exquisite bijouterie. None of these things were for sale, but their owner, making a trip across the Atlantic for his health, brought them, as the contribution of a connoisseur to an interesting enterprise. Could they have been bought, none of them, probably, would have gone back. Now Mr. Joseph announces that he is about absolutely to retire from business, and, beginning the 5th of May and continuing, with certain intermissions—according to the English custom—through the month of June, he is to have a great sale at Christie's. In some specialties Mr. Joseph's

possessions might well arouse the envy of the great museums of the world. His Louis Quinze and Louis Seize silver is especially remarkable. In his house near Piccadilly, he has a room, iron-lined and secured like a safe, filled with the most exquisite plate, which he dines off and changes with such frequency that you wonder if there can be any limit to it. Every piece is an object of wonder for a connoisseur. I understand all this, too, will be sold. No one going out of business—were he a Rothschild—could afford to keep such things for his private table. But it is not only in these objects that Mr. Joseph's collection is remarkable. His eighteenth century pictures, tapestries and furniture, Sèvres, Saxe, Dresden and English china are hardly less notable, and—to go back to objects much older—he has wonderful Florentine metal work, ivories, enamels, gems, and I know not what besides. The catalogue of the sale is on the way from England—a sumptuously printed and superbly illustrated affair—and we shall soon know all about it.

THE smallest example of Dupré known is a landscape in oils, three and three-quarter inches square, bought by Mr. Harry W. Watrous, at the Hotel Drouot some six years ago, when the effects of a quondam "chère amie" of the artist were dispersed at auction. This delightful miniature, exquisitely finished and sparkling like a casket of jewels, was executed as a freak: "I will paint you a 'Meissonier,'" said Dupré. If Meissonier could unite with his perfect costumed figures such landscape and such color as are seen in this unique little panel, he would be a great master indeed.

LOVERS of fair play will watch with interest the efforts of Mr. Schaus to recover from the Treasury department the \$12,000 duty paid by him on the famous De Morny "Rembrandt," now owned by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer. Last year the bill covering his claim was favorably reported by the Senate, but the House adjourned without taking action about it. It is now before both branches of Congress, and Mr. Schaus is hopeful. The Treasury decision that all pictures painted later than 1700 may be admitted free of duty as "antiquities" of course includes the works of Rembrandt; but the ruling was made after the importation of "Le Doreur," and the point made against Mr. Schaus is that he did not protest when he paid the duty on the picture, nor within a year afterward. Neither did Mr. Marquand protest when he was made to pay duty on his "Rembrandt," although certainly he makes no demand for reimbursement. But who would think of protesting against the all-powerful Treasury department, which acts at its own sweet will and has a technical vocabulary distinctly its own? It calls a painting by Rembrandt an "antiquity" to-day; it may call it an antediluvian relic to-morrow or something equally as sensible. What is the good of protesting against a power which thus juggles with the English language? Who can understand, much less anticipate the rulings of the Solons of the Treasury?

I AM told on good authority that the mysterious "J. F. Doyle, of San Francisco," at the Barlow sale, who was supposed to have bought the Buen-Retiro plaques, the sang-de-bœuf vase, and various other valuable objects, is a myth. These things are still for sale. It was hoped that the sang-de-bœuf vase would bring \$3000; but, exquisite as it is in color, none of the collectors cared to buy it at any such price, knowing it to be damaged.

THE "sale" of the pictures of Dr. G. H. Wynkoop, which is supposed to have brought \$64,000, seems to have been a good deal of a farce. A representative of Messrs. Bousso, Valadon & Co. sat among the buyers, and, apparently, was so anxious to possess some of the pictures that he frequently raised his own bid, growing more and more reckless toward the end, when imposing canvases by Van Marcke, Gérôme, Corot, Schreyer and others—all presumably owned by the firm—were bid up and bid in by him at a startling rate. This firm's rival for the honor of being known as the true "successors of Goupil & Co." also had a representative at the "sale," who bid generously on his own pictures.

AN undoubtedly unreserved sale from beginning to end was that of the pictures, bronzes and bric-à-brac, of the late Mrs. P. L. Detmold, at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries. It was an executor's sale. Even at executors' sales, though, sometimes, queer things happen. The heirs bid against each other in the most reckless way for some coveted family relic, and then the outside bidder,

all unconscious of what is taking place, stands a poor chance of getting it. But at this Detmold sale everything was perfectly fair. The pictures—chiefly "old masters"—were better, as a whole, than those in the Barlow sale; but the affair was poorly managed—inadequately advertised—and most of the things sold far below their value. In a reference to the sale on the opposite page, it is told how fine bronzes of Barye brought prices so low, compared with the existing values seemingly established by the late exhibition at the American Art Galleries, that one may well ask the meaning of all the seeming enthusiasm during the past winter in New York over the work of the great French sculptor.

THE money, by the way, realized for the Barye monument, together with personal subscriptions, reaches the sum of \$8400, which will be increased by \$700 when the remaining copies of Mr. De Kay's "Life of Barye" shall be sold. That seems little, considering the duration of the exhibition and the added attraction of the "Angelus." It is true that the weather was unfavorable, the daily attendance falling sometimes from two thousand to only as many hundreds in consequence. Looking back on the undertaking, two questions suggest themselves: (1) What would the "Angelus" have done without the Barye exhibition and the loan collection of paintings to back it? (2) What would the Barye collection have done without the "Angelus?" I really believe that the "Angelus" was the paying card, after all. Where one person who visited the exhibition wanted to see the works of Barye and the paintings of his contemporaries, probably a hundred went to see the picture which cost over \$100,000.

THE three days' sale of Chinese and Japanese objects of art at the American Art Galleries was successful, considering that the things offered included little of the first rank, from the collector's point of view. There were few single-color pieces of real excellence and the blue and white was not the kind to tempt the connoisseur. Of good commercial stuff there was abundance. Vantine & Co. bought largely, Mr. Dana a few pieces, Mr. Ives and Mr. Garland not at all. There were some significant sales of "peach-blow." Mr. Thomas B. Clarke got an amphora vase six inches high for \$450, which was held not long ago at \$1500; Mr. J. Blair paid only \$295 for a mottled vase similar in color to the Morgan one, but ovoid in form, and Mr. Henry Sampson gave only \$150 for a fine little rouge box spotted with green. This seems to point to the breaking up of the fanciful prices for "peach-blow" which have ruled since the alleged sale of the Morgan vase for \$18,000.

AT the Fifth Avenue Art Rooms there was a rather interesting auction of porcelains, the weeding of a collector's cabinet—the weeding done not altogether with good judgment. The sale was unreserved and the dealers bought largely. Now and then some good single-color pieces appeared. Mr. Oastler got for \$355 a fine bottle-shaped vase of mottled peach color on lavender ground, twenty-four inches high, with the mark of Yung-Ching.

AT Schaus's there is an interesting collection of facsimile prints, from glass, of all the known etchings by Corot. Photographic negatives seem to have been made from the originals (which are very scarce), and the lines of the drawing subsequently scratched on to the film of the collodion, which furnishes the foundation for the new negative. Of course this process of reproduction does not give the rich quality of the etched line. A curious example of the ingenuity exercised in the reproductive processes of the day, in the attempt to get a facsimile at any cost, is seen at Schaus's in the copies of pencil drawings by Corot, which have been printed in dull silver in imitation of the graphite color.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON, I hear, is writing an original Life of Horace Walpole for the Grolier Club.

THERE is a glorious chance now for a creditable monument to General Grant. The fund for the purpose exceeds \$150,000, and the Committee having rejected all designs offered, is unhampered in its work. These gentlemen should now get together and agree to give the commission to some sculptor of note—under certain restrictions, of course. The number of American sculptors of rank is not so large that they need be embarrassed in making their choice. Any jury of artists would, with one breath, name the right man.

MONTEZUMA.